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The NIGHTS of PENDRAGON

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The KNIGHTS of PENDRAGON

THE WOUNDED LAND

Kate McClellan's son Cam, a pupil at a boarding school in Wiltshire, has encountered, and been possessed by, an ancient Pendragon that dwells in the old woods there. This champion spirit, massively old and alien, is too much for the young boy to cope with. Cam's history master, an old man called Hunter (who himself was possessed by the same Pendragon during the First World War when he fought as the superhero Albion) summons Kate to help. Kate hurries to respond, sending ahead of her both her old friend Captain Britain, and her new-found ally Union Jack, who it seems has also recently become a Pendragon Champion. Both Union Jack and the Captain encounter the volatile deranged boy at the school and are beaten back by his considerable powers. Kate herself is delayed by the appearance of Jigsaw Man killer Dolph, who she defeats with surprising ease. She is forced to accept that she too is becoming a Pendragon.

Escaping from the school and the two superheroes who are trying to help him, Cam walks straight into the clutches of Grace, whose new-found Bane powers have lead her to Cam and turned him into an easily manipulated, awesomely powerful ally.

Chapter Nine:

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THE KNIGHTS OF PENDRAGON is printed on SCANGLOSS – an environmentally safe paper which uses half as many trees as normal paper and a minimum amount of chlorine bleach.

THERE IS PLEASURE IN THE PATHLESS WOODS,
THERE IS CAPTURE ON THE LONELY SHORE,
THERE IS SOCIETY, WHERE NONE INTRUDES,
BY THE DEEP SEA, AND MUSIC IN ITS ROAR.
Lord Byron, THE OCEAN

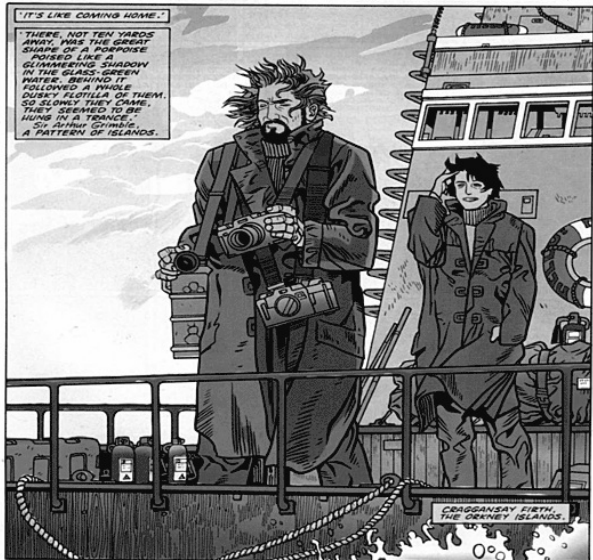
IT'S NOT TOO LATE
TO TURN BACK.



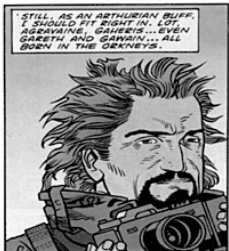
WHY SHOULD I THINK
THAT? WHY SHOULD
I TURN BACK?

IT'S LIKE COMING HOME.

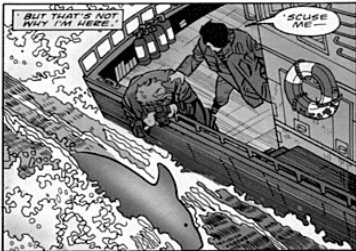
THERE, NOT TEN YARDS
AWAY, WAS THE GREAT
SHAPE OF A PORPOISE
POISED LIKE A
GLIMMERING SHADOW
IN THE GLASS-GREEN
WATER. BEHIND IT
FOLLOWED A WHOLE
DUSKY FLOTILLA OF THEM,
SO SLOWLY THEY CAME
THEY SEEMED TO BE
HUNG IN A TRANCE.
Sir Arthur Grimble,
A PATTERN OF ISLANDS.



CRAIGANSAY FIRTH,
THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.



'STILL, AS AN ARTHURIAN BUFF, I SHOULD FIT RIGHT IN. LOT AGAWAIN, GAETH... EVEN GAETH AND GAETH... ALL BORN IN THE ORKNEYS.



'BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.'

'SCUSE ME—



'YOU'RE THAT WRITER, AREN'T YOU? THAT BEN GALLAGHER? YOU DID THAT "GRAIL" QUEST BOOK—

'FLAME IN THE WEST.'

YEH, THAT. CREAMY. ONLY LOOK, I'M DIANNE BELL, AND I WORK FOR ASTRA TV, AND WE'RE DOING A PIECE ON THE DEATHS OF ALL THOSE WHALES UP HERE—



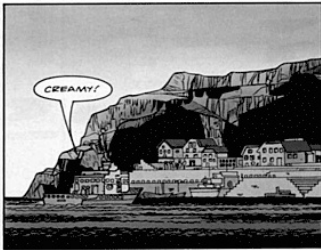
—AND WELL, IT'S REALLY EMBARRASSING, BUT I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET UP WITH NIGEL, MY CAMERAMAN, AT THURSO, BUT HE LEFT ALL HIS GEAR ON THE TRAIN AT INVERNESS, AND I'M REALLY STITCHED WITH— OUT A CAMERA, AND—



—AND WELL, I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING THAT YOU'VE GOT A VIDEO CAMERA THERE, AND—

—SORRY, AM I BURLING? I ALWAYS BURLLE WHEN I'M NERVOUS, ONLY I KNOW IT'S A REAL PIO, BUT COULD I MAYBE JUST—

OKAY.



CREAMY!









WELL, IF IT ISN'T COMMANDER THOMAS, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A NUMBER. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF MUCKER, JUST CAN'T FIND A SINGLE WINDOW IN MY SCHEDULE...



WE'RE FOURTEEN FLOORS UP, SNEWING. FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, NO MORE TALK OF WINDOWS, EH?

DIRECT, FORCEFUL. I LIKE THAT. OKAY, MAKE YOUR PITCH...

...AND CALL ME DOLPH, OKAY?

WHAT YOU ARE IS 'THE JIGSAW MAN'. YOU TWISTED PIECE OF SHITNESS. THERE'S A TRAIL OF DEAD CAREER WOMEN ACROSS THIS CITY WITH YOUR NAME ALL OVER IT, SO LET'S CUT TO THE CHASE.

YES. YES. I LIKE CUTTING.



THAT'S IT, YOU SEE. I LOVE IT. THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE SO BLOODY GREAT WITH THEIR HIGH-POWERED JOBS AND SHOULDER PADS, AND I SHOWED THEM...

...I SHOWED THEM WHO WAS BOSS.

REALLY? THAT'S NOT WHAT I HEARD, SNEWING. I HEARD YOU WERE FIRED BY OMNI FOR BUNGLING MY MURDER IN BELIZE.

DREAM ON, FAT BOY.

FIRED...

...BY A WOMAN.

"THIS IS CRAGGANSAY FIRTH IN THE ORKNEY ISLANDS..."



"...WHERE A MASSACRE IS TAKING PLACE. THE GAFF IS STRICKEN INTO THE HEAD OF THE DOLPHIN OR WHALE..."

"DEATH IS SUPPOSED TO BE INSTANTANEOUS."



"IN FACT, IT MAY TAKE UP TO FIFTEEN MINUTES FOR THE ANIMAL TO DIE, IN TERRIBLE PAIN."



"IT'S A PARTICULARLY BARBARIC AND BRUTAL KILL. BY EVENING TODAY, ANY-ANYTHING UP TO A HUNDRED DOLPHINS AND PILOT WHALES COULD BE — OH GOD..."

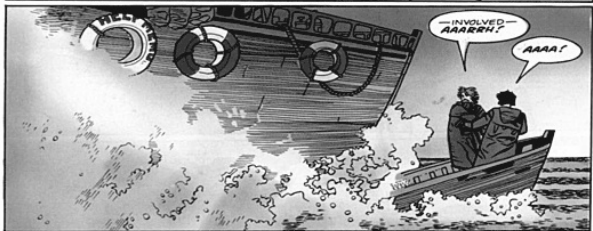
LOOK, DIONNE, YOU'RE TOO UPSET TO DO THE COMMENTARY NOW. LET'S JUST GET AS MUCH FOOTAGE AS WE CAN, OKAY?"

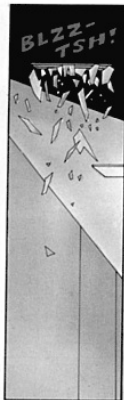
LOOK AT THEM! LOOK AT WHAT THEY'RE DOING!



THE BASTARDS ARE JUST MOWING THEM DOWN...











I'D HAPPILY LEAVE TOMORROW, BUT CERTAIN THINGS STILL DON'T ADD UP. I MEAN, WHY ALL THE **BLOODSHED**? THIS ISN'T THE FAROE ISLANDS - CETACEAN CULLING WAS NEVER A 'TRADITION' UP HERE.



I DON'T KNOW. IT'S AN...
INTUITION I'VE GOT.
ALWAYS HAD IT. IT'S
PART OF WHY I BECAME
A WRITER—WHY I WAS
ALWAYS FASCINATED
BY THE GRAIL.



IN HELLENIC TEXTS, THE
GRAIL WAS THE CLIP IN WHICH
THE GODS MIXED THE STUFF
OF CREATION. THE SUFIS SAW
IT AS THE FOUNT OF
KNOWLEDGE AND DIVINE
INSPIRATION...



HOW
KITTEN?

I ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT IF I
COULD FIND IT—**REALLY** FIND
THE **REAL** GRAIL—I MIGHT
UNDERSTAND MY POWER.
PRETTY NUTTY, EH?



EXCUSE
ME, PAL...



LOOK, WE
DON'T WANT ANY
TROUBLE, MR...?



SCARMAN. AND YE'LL HAVE
NONE, FANCY PANTS—AS LONG
AS WE GET THE FILM FROM
YOUR WEE CAMERA.



NO WAY! I'LL SEE YOU
HUNG OUT TO DRY, YOU
BLOODY KILLERS!



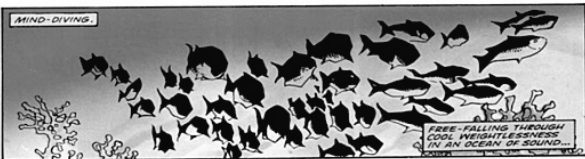
DIONNE—

DINNA SET US TAE
RIGHTS, WIFEY! THE
BLOODY WHALES ARE
FOULING UP OUR FISHING
GROUNDS! WE HAVETAE
KILL THE BUGGERS!





MIND-DIVING.



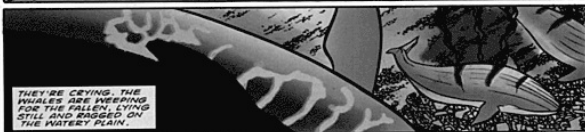
FREE-FALLING THROUGH
COOL WEIGHTLESSNESS
IN AN OCEAN OF SOUND...

MY THOUGHTS TAKE WING.
CADENCES OF FLUID
CONSCIOUSNESS... A
SYMPHONY OF KNOWING...



AWOOO-OOO-OOO UU

THEY'RE CRYING. THE
WHALES ARE WEEPING
FOR THE FALLEN, LYING
STILL AND RAGGED ON
THE WATERY PLAIN.



I LISTEN AS THEY MOURN
FOR SONGS NOW STILLED.
MY GUILT A LONE,
DISCORDANT CHIME IN THE
HARMONY OF THEIR GRIEF...



YET THERE IS NO ANGER;
NO REPROACH IN THE
SIREN ARIA OF THEIR
WELCOME. SOMETHING
ANCIENT IN ME, SOME-
THING MORE THAN
HUMAN, SINGS BACK...



...AS THEY LEAD ME TO
THE POISONED PLACE.

THE WATER IS THICK WITH THE TASTE OF BLOOD AND METAL; A MAN-TAINT. I DRIFT, BODILESS, THROUGH AN OCEAN OF ACID AND PAIN AS THEY AWAIT MY REPLY...



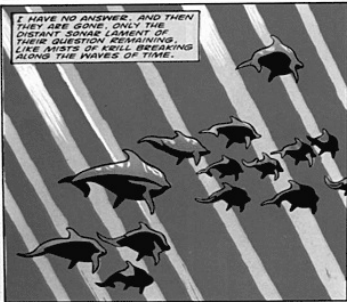
NO ANGER, NO REPROACH, ONLY PUZZLEMENT, AND AN INFINITE SADNESS. WE POISONED THEIR FISHING GROUNDS... TURNED THEIR HOME WATERS INTO BURNING SLIME...



... AND WHEN, FINALLY, WE HAVE DRIVEN THEM FROM THEIR ANCESTRAL CALVING GROUNDS INTO THE SHORE, WE KILL THEM IN THEIR HUNDREDS. WE MURDER THEM.

'WHY? PLEASE, WHY?'

I HAVE NO ANSWER, AND THEN THEY ARE GONE, ONLY THE DISTANT SONAR LAMENT OF THEIR QUESTION REMAINING, LIKE MISTS OF KRILL BREAKING ALONG THE WAVES OF TIME.









...UNTIL THE AIR IS RENT
WITH THE TEMPEST SONG
OF THE MEGAPTERA."

OOLAAA-OOLUU



FOOL... I SERVE NONE
BUT THE BANE... WE'LL
CRUSH YOU... WE'LL BOIL
AWAY YOUR PRECIOUS
OCEANS TO LIFELESS
WASTE... WE'LL --



"THE SONG OF THE HUMPBACK HAS
BEEN MEASURED AT INTENSITIES
OF A HUNDRED DECIBELS. THE
WHISTLE OF THE BLUE WHALE IS THE
LOUDEST RECORDED FROM ANY
LIVING SOURCE. HE LISTENS."





MORNING. SCARMAN IS LED AWAY, STILL BARBLING. WHATEVER POSSESSED HIM HAS GONE. THE SEA IS STILL THE SAME SLATE GREY AS THE SKY...

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT, MISTER GALLAGHER. FEELINGS RUN PRETTY HIGH OVER THE FISHING GROUNDS, BUT I NEVER IMAGINED

...DIONNE BELL IS STILL DEAD.

THE WHALES' HOME WATERS ARE POLLUTED WITH TOXIC WASTE, DUMPED BY THE OMNI CORPORATION. THEY'RE BEING DRIVEN INTO THE SHORE. IT'S GOING TO STOP. I PROMISE YOU.

WHAT WAS IT SCARMAN CALLED MET A PENDRAGON? AS THOUGH WHATEVER POSSESSED HIM RECOGNISED SOME SIMILAR POSSESSION IN ME.

PENDRAGON. THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. THE HOLY GRAIL...

I'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED IN ITS EXISTENCE. IF I'D HAD THE GRAIL, I MIGHT EVEN HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAVE HER.

A BITTER WIND RIPPLES THE SLATE-GREY OCEAN, AND I REMEMBER WHAT LIES BENEATH. IT'S TOO LATE FOR MANY THINGS.

A FOUR PART ADVENTURE FROM DAN ABNETT, LEE SULLIVAN AND MARK FARMER
THE SEVENTH DOCTOR'S ADVENTURES CONTINUE IN
NOW ON SALE EVERY FOUR WEEKS!



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THE MARK OF MANDRAGORA



The more hawk-eyed amongst our readers will have noticed a subtle change to this month's P2P. Well it's because you're such an intelligent lot that I don't so much get letters as essays. This means that I'm lucky if I can fit two of your correspondences on a page, while it's a miracle to get three. So for this month, I thought I'd give more people the chance to have their say.

Dear P2P,

I have read the first four issues of *The Knights of Pendragon* and can only say it's one of the best comics Marvel has produced. Dai Thomas is a really good character, as is Kate McClellan. The standard of artwork is very impressive. Dan Abnett and John Tomlinson's writing is well planned and very enjoyable. I have been reading comics for seven years and this must be the best Marvel project for a long time. Well done to everyone involved. I have just two questions:

1. Is the K.O.P. carrying on from the 6-issue limited series?
2. Is there any chance of subscribing to K.O.P. as I have to travel to Brighton to get it?

James Waite,

Eastbourne.

 You're only being nice to us so that we'd print your letter. Just goes to prove that flattery will get you everywhere... As you're congratulating everybody on the team, I think the time has come to thank one of our unsung heroes – or heroine in this case. Her name is Jane Summer and she is our marketing manager here at Marvel. I'd just like to publicly thank her (and her assistant Sam) for all the hours they put into making K.O.P. what it is today (insert rude comment). Cheers, ladies! Anyway... I. Everybody's favourite question. Yes. 2. Sorry, but there's no subscription scheme planned for K.O.P. Why don't you see if your comic shop has a mail order service?

Dear P2P,

I have just read your editorial in issue 5 asking for bad and brutal letters. Well here's brutal for you!

The simple fact of the matter is, and if you have any grey matter, you should have realised this, that of GREED! Simple isn't it? Or is it?

Until Utopia surfaces and we live in harmony with ourselves and the World, all, yes all, 'green' environmental efforts are simply fighting a losing battle.

To prove my point, look in a mirror. Yes, you're right – YOU'RE HUMAN, with all those deadly little traits in you always ready to surface.

So until you (we) all change fundamental human nature, you (we) are all merely lighting up a down escalator to oblivion. But then, that's life...

B. McCleary,

Scotland.

P.S. It makes you wonder why we are what we are...

 Look, I'm not exactly the most optimistic of people, but I can't help thinking that you've gone completely overboard on the point that you're trying to make. Your sweeping generalisations about the Human race destroyed any sympathy I might have had for your points of view, especially because there are so many valiant efforts by many people whom I have nothing but the utmost admiration for. Being Human doesn't automatically mark you with the kiss of death. Just look at people like Green Peace or the E.L.A., groups at the sharp end of conservation who are prepared to put themselves on the line for their beliefs. What about the game wardens who are killed fighting to save the elephant? I could ramble on for pages but I won't – I'll keep it brief. What the conservation movement needs at the moment (and this is just my own opinion) is a more aggressive i.e. active stance. Instead of abject negativity bordering on apathy, it needs people to stand up and say 'Look, if we don't start doing something positive soon, we're going to be ruined – royally!' You can't just turn round and say 'we're

not in Utopia so what's the point', that's an abysmal attitude. It may be an up-hill battle, but battle it is and there is hope. I may not be an expert on the fundamentals of Human nature, but if I were you, I'd seek help.

Dear P2P,

K.O.P. is turning out to be fun. Ah, it takes me back to the cozy old days of M.W.O.M. – not a false cockney accent in sight! Great to see good old Dai back to his chain smoking, slobbish old self, but isn't it about time you got him a nice young sergeant to bawl out, boss about and send to port mortems in his lunch hour? Wexford, Morse and Taggart all have 'em, so why not Dai?

Union Jack – 'working class hero?'! Heh heh. That'll make Captain 'upper class twit of the year' sit up and take notice (no he won't. Brian probably wouldn't notice – too busy opening the local Conservative Association garden fete or the W.I. (Women's Institute to the uninitiated – Ed.) Bring & Buy – bitch bitch). Go on give Jack a council house, a mortgage and six kids. I know. 'His alter ego is Arthur Scargill! Let's show 'em across the big pond what a real British hero looks like, eh?

Hmm. Our Grace seems to have a little run in with 'mommie dearest' in one of her more – ahem – aggressive incarnations. Remember – each of the three aspects of the lady have three incarnations making nine in all – good research is *Graves' The White Goddess*. T.W. Rolleston's *Myths & Legends of the Celtic Race* is useful too. The Wild Hunt would really make poor Dai's day.

Soap box bit. I've always been greatly in favour of religious tolerance, especially towards minority groups and find it sad that our own cultural and religious roots should be considered occult or witchcraft. Children in our schools are being encouraged to share with one another beliefs and customs – Christian, Hindu, Muslim, Jewish etc., which is great but our native faiths are either 'demonic' or reduced to the level of 'curious local custom'. 'Such as morrismen, maypoles and hobby horses'. I'm sick and tired of being regarded with suspicion or downright hatred because I hold to the faith of my ancestors. Tradition is very important to me – I'm very interested in the history of Britain and western Europe. History did not begin neatly in 1066 and surely other countries don't hide or deny their past so shamefully – the Greek, Roman and Norse pantheons are better known to British children than Danu, Brigida, Corridwen and co. and they are part of our kids' heritage! I'm not calling for preaching to people. Ours is not an evangelical faith – people come to us – we don't go out looking for them. I have no problem with people from anywhere on earth coming to Britain (we were all immigrants or our ancestors were at some point) and when they bring their faith and cultural influences with

them, that's okay - they are rightly proud of their religions and traditions - and I'm proud of mine. In *Stainé* (pronounced Sklonyae in that spelling - a girl's name), Pat Mills has done a stirring job of breathing life and sparkle into the celts and John Constantine in Hellblazer has had dealings with some of the darker aspects of our pagan nation. (There are a lot of us out here - I've sold over 1,500 solstice cards this year). So with the Knights you have a god (or goddess) given opportunity to put forward a positive image of British Paganism. End of soap box. Anyway, have a cool Yule. Sue Mason, Cheshire.

 **Hmmm. Shades of The Whicker Man.** I absolutely agree with you about our prehistoric past and sympathise with your plight. I can only hope that our endeavours with Britain's rich and textured mythologies and ancient religions meet with your approval. We have tried our best to be true to the legends, perhaps taking liberties here and there, and compromising elsewhere. All in all, however, we're pleased and can only hope that we've generated interest in our vast heritage. Thanks for the Yule card, by the way.

Dear P2P,
Here in Canada, I've been reading your dark protests against environmental abuse quite faithfully for a while now. At the end of five issues all I can say is that this is probably the kind of comic book people read in Twin Peaks. It is original, haunted by the supernatural, grim and getting grimmer. I was quite surprised that such a high quality comic could come out of England.

I was also quite surprised to find in issue 1, page 9, box 4, that 'the Beluga whale is native to Manitoba in Canada.' Hey, I know that we aren't exactly giving Belugas ideal habitat conditions here in Quebec's St. Lawrence river system but I don't think that the Belugas will hop on a train and travel hundreds of kilometers inland and start farming or oil drilling businesses in the prairies any time soon. But, of course, we know that Marvel never makes mistakes. The explanation: Commander Thomas was so tired that he thought he heard Manitoba, instead of Quebec.

Do I get a No-prize? In any case, I'm sending you guys a map of Canada.

Until governments suddenly decide to commit political suicide by hitting their voters with massive tax hikes, make mine Marvel - wait, hasn't that already been done?

Andy Nguyen,
Quebec, Canada.

 I don't think I've ever had a letter from Canada, especially one that's surprised that Britain can produce quality

comics. So it just goes to prove that we can still teach you colonialists a trick or two. No-prize? Sorry, but I think you're being overly pedantic. I looked at your map and your atlas and sure enough, Manitoba has a large inland area. But, a large part of the state also adjoins the Hudson Bay. To win the No-prize, Manitoba would have had to have been landlocked and you would have had to have proved to me that Belugas are native solely to the Bay of St. Lawrence. A quick check in a Cetacean encyclopedia which just happened to be lying around assured us that this was not the case. Sorry but you win the Ya-Boo Sucks prize. Nonetheless, it's nice to see K.O.P. has a global following, so thanks for writing, Andy.

Dear P2P,

I was disappointed with Excalibur, not even Alan Davis could make me buy it. I adore those old Alan Moore Captain Britain stories. They were, at the time, an unexpected joy.

Your tale could so easily have missed the target. I suspect that, had this been an American magazine, Dai would have been in a bright green skin-tight costume by issue two.

Dai's Gawain vs. Braddock's Lancelot was the equal of anything Moore did on his tenure with the character and I don't mean to imply that the big scrap was the best of your story so far.

The dialogue is sharp and almost faultless (Kate's 'get around more' retort in issue 2 was priceless.) The art started good and has improved with every issue, as has the colour. The subdued tones of green and blue during the Gawain sequences are elegant and fine. I like this comic. Are you selling well enough? Do I have to worry? Is the good Captain pulling in the punters? What is his costume made of?

I wait the rest of your tale with enthusiasm.

Andy Skinner,
Highgate.

 We could be selling a lot better, but couldn't all comics. However, I'm sure things would be a lot worse if of Captain Britain hadn't been there. Worry? Don't worry! However, having said that, there are those out there who would say that even if we didn't miss the target, our sights could do with some adjusting if we are to make a killing. It could be said that perhaps K.O.P. isn't clean and sparkly enough to make a good American comic while I could launch into a long spiel about format, price, marketing and the newsstand to explain why it could be selling better in Britain. But I won't. I'll just finish by saying 'Andy, get yourself a new typewriter!'

Dear P2P,

Your comic is BRILLIANT. I have not collected any comics since The Punisher finished, but

believe me, I will not miss an issue. My favourite issue so far has been Blood & Feathers. I have some questions for you to answer.

1. What is Dolph's surname and what is his official status in the Omni Corp?

2. Does the book Gawain and The Green Knight really exist?

Chris Beattie,
County Antrim.

P.S. I hope you can read my bad writing.



About half past four ... Oh, sorry.

Yes, I can. Your questions. 1. Colin Snewing (that's the name on his birth certificate) is Grace's Personal Assistant. His duties are assassination, industrial espionage, and fashion model, amongst others. Dolph is his nickname, acquired because of his 'uncanny' resemblance to, well I'm sure you can figure that one out for yourself. Hmmm. All this biographical stuff would seem to be for fact files on the various stars of the series. Reader response? 2. Yes, it does. In fact you should dig it out because it's a major part of your heritage!

Dear P2P,

Please give my thanks to all involved in K.O.P.'s first story, the best and cleverest manipulation of the Arthurian legends I've seen. I have just read issues 3-6 in one go and I'm glad I did. If I had read issue 3 straight after buying it, I might not have struck it out this far. To be honest, I think the good stuff began with issue 5, when the crummy villains straight from the pages of G.I. Joe were out of the way and the final phase of the story began. Up until then, K.O.P. had been quite boring, and hardly up to the standard of work shown later, especially in 6. Then again, I'm sure that the cover would have drawn me back in anyway. What a stunning piece of art! Again, a great improvement on previous issues.

Though the actual plots were uninspiring for the most part of the first four issues, the main characters were all written beautifully. Dai's development from slob to superman was a joy to watch and his relationship with Kate was so well done. Also, the Dai/Captain Britain (Gawain/Lancelot) relationship shows through.

Now that the Arthurian twist has probably gone (don't over-use it), I hope you can keep up the quality.

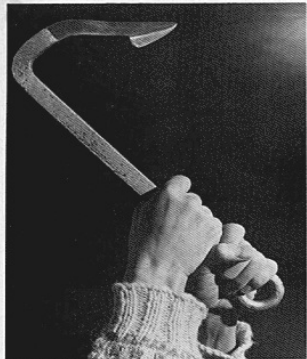
All the best!

George Crawford,
Hawick.



No doubt, you are weeping, wracked with joyous exultations, at last month's poster, but smarten yourself up, boy! I leave you to draw your own conclusions about the Arthurian theme - I don't think it's over-used, but you'll be pleased to know that other themes are being developed that go back even further in time than The Round Table. I hope they meet with your approval.





Is that what you would do to one of the finest brains in the world?

The ancient Greeks had a word for it. They called it murder.

Their punishment for killing a dolphin was the same as that for killing a man.

Throughout history the dolphin has been revered for its unique relationship with the human race.

We share many striking similarities but the most notable likeness is our comparable brain-power. You might even say that dolphins are almost human. Almost. But not quite.

Last year at least 500,000 dolphins were killed in seas and oceans throughout the world. They were either hacked to death with knives and gaffs like the one above, or quietly snared in vast nets and then left to drown.

A new campaign to save the lives of dolphins everywhere

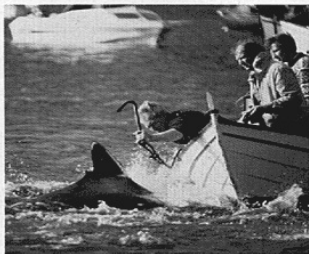
EIA has launched DOLPHIN FRIENDS, its campaign to end this merciless slaughter.

Small whales, dolphins and porpoises have no protection whatsoever.

By exposing the worldwide

slaughter, EIA aims to force the International Whaling Commission to assume responsibility for the conservation of these species.

But we can do nothing without *your* help. Send £12 or \$25 and join EIA's DOLPHIN FRIENDS today — send a donation and help us to end the killings. Send for an information pack now.



EIA UK, 208-209 Upper Street, London N1 1RL.
EIA US, Dolphin Friends, 1506 19th Street NW #4,
Washington DC 20036.